

THE LITERARY CASKET:

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REFLECTOR.

SATURDAY EVENING.—It is proper, often to call ourselves to a solemn account for the time past of our lives; but particularly so at the close of days, months, and years. And at the close of the week, when our toils are all done, and may perhaps be seated at the door, or by the fireside, with our families around us, and the prattling babes about our knees, and the thousand little nameless comforts that cluster together in our imaginations, when we hear of *Saturday Night at home*; and at such a season, if we are people of any serious thought, our minds must, in some measure, be taken up with sober reflections. There is something solemn in the eve of the sabbath, in the return of labourers, and the preparation for rest, and the general feeling of enlargement. And even where we do not observe the eastern custom of commencing the Sabbath on Saturday evening, yet the Lord's day seems to dawn, and the cessation of cares to betoken something peaceful, and the expectation of approaching solemnities to claim the soul; so that the man must be peculiarly volatile, or peculiarly stupid, who is not, of necessity, thrown out of the common route of his giddy, or his busy thoughts, when the ruddy streaks of the west are beginning to grow dusky, and the week seems fading away. And what are the thoughts which a conscientious person would have, and which, of course, we all ought to have, at such a time? A week is past; let my thoughts run through its business, and let conscience pass a faithful sentence. Am I a better man, a better husband, a better wife, a better neighbour, or whatever be my calling, and whatever the duties which it lays upon me? Am I more satisfied with my conduct than I was the week before? If I am not, I have lived in vain. What have I done for the good of the neighbourhood? What for the public good? How have I been prospered in business; and how have I shown my thankfulness, by administering to the necessities of those around me? Are no sick, afflicted strangers in my vicinity? If not, is this the most favoured spot under heaven? And if there are, what have I done for their relief? If in none of these things I have been improving, I am living for myself, a selfish niggard, unworthy the name of a man or Christian. Am I better prepared for dying than I was last week? And when I look forward, how am I going to spend the next week; and what new project for improvement have I in mind? And how am I about to sanctify the Sabbath? And what can I do for the good of others?

These are, in truth, plain and simple notions—but they are such as often come into the head of a plain man in the country.

EMPORIUS.

MAY.

The man who does not feel the mellow influence of this delightful season upon his heart, when the firmament is full of songs, and the atmosphere of odors, who cannot cast his eye around him without beholding the most delicate tints from nature's unrivalled pencil, is

little to be envied. The smile of the meadows, the hilarity of the seasons seem to be reflected on the care worn countenance of man. The month of May is the season of hope—there is a vernal promise of every thing that the heart of man can wish. The poet Thomson, contemplating such a spectacle, breaks out into the following strain of rapture—

"These are thy works, almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God—the rolling year
Is full of thee—forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.—
Wide flush the fields—the softening air is balm—
Echo the mountains round, the forest smiles,
And every sense and every heart is joy."

MASONIC.

It has been well and truly observed, that this "consolidated association," is not the "offspring of a day;" a flower that blooms to-day, in all its variegated beauty and richness, and fades and dies to-morrow; but it is the result of time, experience, wisdom, labor, and benevolence, united. Masonry, either operative or speculative, has existed in all ages of the world. This simple fact stamps it with a character that should raise it above the censure of the capricious.—For it is a self-evident truth, that no institution can long exist, that is based in folly, founded in ignorance, and contaminated with vice. This is an universally acknowledged and sound maxim. What, but the all-powerful principles of philanthropy, harmony, truth, fidelity, and equality, could unite so many persons of such diversified characters, feelings, and tastes, as belong, and have always belonged to this society? It is true, that alliances have been formed by sages, scholars, philosophers, heroes, and patriots, and which, at first, promised much, and augured a fulfilment of the most sanguine expectations; but some sudden convulsion has arrested their progress, and buried them in oblivion: and the reason is, because their principles are not equitable and good, because they had not that imperishable base of brotherly love and union, which is the corner stone of our temple, on which to build a superstructure. An institution that has not for its end the good and happiness of man, is not approved by Heaven, nor sanctioned by that person through whose soul the "milk of human kindness" and brotherly love, in gentle currents flow. From the fact, therefore, that this institution has existed through all ages; that it has stood, as it were, "the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds," may be drawn an irrefragable argument in favor of its superiority over all other societies, and of its bearing the divine impress of goodness and wisdom.

The primary objects of this temple, as we sometimes call it, are to instruct the ignorant; impart light to them that sit in darkness; improve the social virtues; cultivate and mature the principles of friendship; correct the taste; promote the felicity of the family of man; and lessen the mass of human woe. This temple is a repository; in it are deposited an abundance of spiritu-

al provisions, such as please the eye of the devotional soul, charm the ear of sensibility, and gratify the desires of a pure heart.

We ask, where is the christian, where the philanthropist, that will not rejoice at the dissemination of such sublime principles.

HISTORY.

THE INQUISITION IN LIMA.

FROM STEVENSON'S NARRATIVE OF A TWENTY YEARS RESIDENCE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The act of Cortes of Spain which abolished the Inquisition, and which, during its discussion produced many excellent though overheated speeches, was published in Lima just after the above occurrence. The Senora Donna Georcia Gains, lady of Col. Gains, informed me that she and some friends obtained permission of the Viceroy Abascal to visit the ex-tribunal; and she invited me to accompany them on the following day, after dinner. I attended, and went to visit the monster, as they now dared to call it. The doors of the hall being opened, many entered; who were not invited, and seeing nothing in a posture of defence, the first victims to our fury were the table and chairs; these were soon demolished; after which some persons laid hold of the velvet curtains of the canopy and dragged them so forcibly, that the canopy and crucifix came down with a horrible crash. The crucifix was rescued from the ruins of inquisitorial state, and its head discovered to be moveable. A ladder was found to have been secreted behind the canopy and thus the whole mystery of this miraculous image become explainable; a man was concealed on the ladder, by the curtain of canopy, and by introducing his hand through a hole, he moved the head, so as to make it nod assent, or shake dissent. Every one was now exasperated with rage; and 'there are yet victims in the cells,' was universally murmured. 'A search!' was the cry, and the door leading to the interior was quickly broken through. The next we found was called *del secreto*; the word secret stimulated curiosity, and the door was instantly burst open. It led to the archives. Here was heaped upon the shelves, papers containing written cases of those who had been accused or tried; and here I read the name of many a friend who little imagined that his conduct had been scrutinized by the holy tribunal, or that his name had been recorded in so awful a place.

Leaving this room, we forced our way into another, which, to our astonishment and indignation, was that of torture! in the centre stood a strong table, about eight feet long and seven broad; at one end of which an iron collar opened in the middle horizontally, for the reception of the victim's neck; on each side of the collar were also straps with buckles, for enclosing the arms near to the body; and on the sides on the table were leather straps with buckles for the wrists, connected with cords under the table, made fast to the axle of a horizontal wheel; at the other end were two more straps for the ankles, with ropes similarly fixed to the wheel. Thus it was obvious that a human being might be extended on the table, and by turning the wheel, might be stretched in both directions at the same time, without any risk of hanging, for the effect was prevented by two straps, under his arms, close to his body; but almost every joint might be dislocated.—After we had discovered the diabolical use of this piece of machinery, every one shuddered and involuntarily looked towards the door, as if apprehensive it would close upon him. At first, curses were uttered, but they were soon changed into loud imprecations against the inventors and practisers of such torments; and blessings were showered upon the Cortes for having abolished this tribunal of arch tyranny.

STATE OF GREECE.

From Emerson's Travels in Greece.

The following is an account which Mr. Emerson gives of the Greek Ministry and Legislative Assembly whom he found at Napoli.

The affairs of the Government had all been so arranged before the departure of the President, and Prince Mavracordato, his secretary, that a constant communication was to be kept up with the forces north of the Isthmus, as well as the camp at Navarino. The Vice President, Botazi, a good-natured honest Spezzioti, not overstocked with intelligence, but bearing a high character for honour and principles, had taken Condurioti's chair in the Executive body. Cristides, an intriguing active man, acted as secretary, and the other members remained at their posts as usual. Of these, John Colletti, a physician by profession, and, as such, formerly in the pay of Ali Pacha, is far the most clever and intelligent; of his sterling patriotism, however, there are few in the Morea, or even among his own countrymen, who are not rather sceptical. The exactions which have been carried on in Roumelia by his agents, and with his approbation, have rendered him odious to the people whom he represents; and his intriguing spirit, forbidding countenance, and repulsive manners, have gained him both with the Moreots and foreigners, a character for cunning, avarice, and dangerous ambition. Nevertheless, his acknowledged abilities have given him such an ascendancy with the President and the Executive Body, that he may be considered as the spring of its movements. Of the other two, Speiotaki is a mere nobody, who would never be heard of, were it not for the attaching his name to the proclamation of the Government; and Petro Bey, the Mainote, is a good-humoured round-faced fellow, who seems remarkable for nothing more than his appetite and epicureism. Amongst the members of the Legislative Body, none seem to make any prominent figure, except Spiridion Tricoupi son to the late Primate of Missolonghi, representative of that town. Having been secretary to Lord Guilford, and a few years resident in England, he adds, to an extensive information, a good knowledge of English. The meeting of the Legislative Body, though containing about fifty members, are usually factious, enlivened only by colloquial discussion, Tricoupi being the only member who ever attempted "a speech." It was lately proposed to publish their proceedings in the *Hydriot Journal*, but the motion was immediately negatived by the overpowering majority of the silent members. Of the other ministers connected with the administration, by far the most promising is Adam Ducas, Minister of War, a young man, descended from one of the most ancient and honourable Greek families. I say promising, because though at present almost ignorant of the duties of his office, he seems well aware of his deficiency and is anxious on all occasions, to remedy it.

But, perhaps, the most singular character amongst all the Greek legislators is the Minister of the Interior. His mate is Gregorius Elessa by profession a priest; and having in the early part of his life, been steward of a monastery, he is now generally known by the two names of Gregorius Dikalos and Pappa Fiessa. A naturally vicious disposition had early given him a distaste for his profession, and, on the commencement of the revolution, he joined the standard of his country, as a military volunteer. Having manifested his bravery on many occasions, he was at length promoted to a command, and in several actions conducted himself with distinguished courage. He now totally abandoned the mitre and the robe for the more congenial employments of the army and the state; and at length, after a series of active and valuable services, he was appointed by the Government to be Minister of the Interior. Here, with ample means, he gave unbridled license to his natural disposition. His only virtue is an uncorrupted patriotism, which has all along marked his character, and has gained the confidence of the Government, whilst they despise its possessor. Such a character though in an office of trust, is by no means a popular man. The scandal which the open commission of the more glaring immoralities has brought upon him: the contempt of all parties, though his diplomatic abilities, if artifice and cunning may deserve that name, added to his patriotism and bravery, have secured him the good will of the Government.

Of the Minister of Justice, Tootochi, little more is known, than that he was obliged to abscond from the Ionian Islands for some fraudulent practices.

As to the Grecian army, the habits of the body who compose it, and the system by which it is regulated, are equally singular. Its commanders or captains are such landholders, or others who possess a sufficient sum to maintain from 100 to 150 soldiers, and adequate interest to procure a commission for embodying them.

These leaders, however, are in general the most despicable and the worst enemies of their country; making their rank and interest merely the instruments of their avarice. The number of troops in the Morea, for whom the Government issue pay and rations, is stated to be, about 25,000; but I do not believe, from all that I can learn, that in any instance they have equalled the half of that number; the captain making their credit, and in general pocketing one half of the demanded sum. So that a man who claim pay for 150 soldiers, cannot, perhaps bring 80 into the field. Of this system of fraud the government are well aware; but, in the present state of affairs, they are so much in the power of the captain, that no soldier, or palikari, on joining his captain is expected to come furnished with his arms and capote; the former usually consist of a pair of pistols, an ataghan, a taphaic, or long gun, and sometimes a sabre.

They are, however, bound by no laws or military regulations, and merely follow or obey a leader as long as they are well paid or comfortable in his service; he having no power to enforce obedience during his almost nominal command, or to compel his soldiers, beyond the limit of their pleasure, to remain under his orders. It is no unusual thing for the company of a captain to assemble round his quarters, for the purpose of tumultuously demanding, and enforcing, by the bastinado, an increase of arrears of pay; or the eve of an important movement, to find that his soldiers have gone off during the night, to attend to the safety of their families, or the celebration of a festival. As to their conduct in the field, they will never oppose an enemy, unless obliged by necessity, without the shelter of their tambours or low trenches; or without crouching behind a rock from whence they can have a protected aim at their foe. The Turks, too, have something of the same system in their irregular warfare; and before the introduction of regular troops into the Morea, a battle must have presented a novel spectacle, where not a soul of either army was distinctly visible. Thus, screened behind a stone, they lie in wait to catch the first moment when an enemy shall expose himself, or placing the scalpa, or scull-cap, on an adjoining rock to decoy the Turk, take an advantageous aim at him whilst he is wasting his powder on the empty head-dress of his enemy. When the Greek has thus thinned all within his range, and wishes to change his position, he watches for the favourable movement when, snatching up his gun, he nimbly skips to the adjoining rock, flashing his shining stagban before him in the sun-beams, to dazzle the aim of his surrounding enemies; and here, crouching on the ground and placing his cap as usual, he re-commences his operations. Amongst the Turks who resides in the Morea, all are not so desperately bad as are supposed, and some few have even gained the affections of the Greeks. It not unfrequently occurs that two old neighbours meet in one of those singular encounters, when rising from their screens, they hold a parley of their own affairs; and again part to resume, at their posts, their mutual slaughter of their friends and companions. Such scenes serve to keep in countenance Homer's description of the dialogues of his contending heroes; but, in fact, instances of ancient manners are to be met with every hour, and at every step something occurs to remind us that we are in Greece.

The discipline of the navy, and the money making system of its commander, are exactly similar to those of the army, in which there are about three hundred speculating generals, and from 12 to 15,000 men.

Great actions, the lustre of which dazzles us, are represented by politicians as the effects of deep design; whereas they are commonly the effects of caprice and passion. Thus the war between Augustus and Anthony, supposed to be owing to their ambition to give a master to the world, arose probably from jealousy.

BIOGRAPHY.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, a name long dear to the admirers of genius and the lovers of virtue, was born at the village of Kibworth, Harcourt, in Leicestershire, on June 20th, 1742, the eldest child and only daughter of John Aikin, D. D. and Jane his wife, daughter of the Rev. John Jennings, of Kibworth.

That quickness of apprehension by which she was eminently distinguished, manifested itself from her infancy.

Her education was entirely domestic, and principally conducted by her excellent mother.

With the assistance of her father, she enabled herself to read the Latin authors with pleasure and advantage; nor did she rest satisfied without gaining some acquaintance with the Greek.

In 1758 her father removed to Warrington, in Lancashire, that he might fill the place of tutor in the dissenting academy, and the fifteen succeeding years passed by her at Warrington, comprehended probably the happiest, as well as the most brilliant portion of her existence.

She found a most useful friend in her brother, by whose persuasion she was induced to print her first and some of her subsequent works. In 1774 she was married to Mr. Barbauld, who had been destined for the church, but who imbibed sentiments at Warrington, which excluded him from the establishment, and threw a gloom over his prospects of worldly success. Soon after his marriage he accepted the charge of a congregation at Palgrave, and opened a boarding school in which Mrs. Barbauld rendered him the most important assistance, and so great became the reputation of this school that she was solicited to receive as her own peculiar pupils several little boys to whom she condescended to teach the first rudiments of literature, and for whom she wrote her *Hymns in Prose*. The health of herself and husband were however unequal to the fatiguing duties of a large school, and in 1785 they quitted Palgrave and spent a year on the continent. After their return Mr. Barbauld was elected pastor of a small congregation at Hampstead, from which in 1802 he removed to Stoke Newington, and became the minister of the congregation formerly under Dr. Price's care. In 1808 his death, which had been preceded by a malady distressing in its nature and duration, left Mrs. B. a widow—No incident worthy of mention henceforth occurred to break the uniformity of her existence.

A gentle and scarcely perceptible decline was sloping for her the passage to the tomb. Whilst on a visit at the house of her sister in law, Mrs. Aikin, her bodily powers gave way almost suddenly; and after lingering a few days, on the morning of March 9th, 1825, she expired without a struggle, in the sixty-second year of her age.

To claim for this distinguished woman the praise of purity and elevation of mind may well appear superfluous. Her education and connexions, the course of her life, the whole tenor of her writings, bear abundant testimony to this part of her character. It is a higher, or at least a rarer commendation to add, that no one ever better loved "a sister's praise," even that of such sisters as might have been peculiarly regarded in the light of rivals. She was acquainted with almost all the principal female writers of her time; and there was not one of the number whom she failed frequently to mention in terms of admiration, esteem, or affection, whether in conversation, in letters to her friends, or in print. To humbler aspirants in the career of letters, who often applied to her for advice and assistance, she was invariably courteous, and in many instances essentially serviceable. The sight of youth and beauty was peculiarly gratifying to her fancy and her feelings; and children and young persons were accordingly large sharers in her benevolence; she loved their society, and would often invite them to pass weeks or months in her house, when she spared no pains to amuse or instruct them; and she seldom failed, after they had quitted her, to recall herself from time to time to their recollection, by affectionate or playful letters, or welcome presents.

In the conjugal relation, her conduct was guided by the highest principles of love and duty. As a sister the uninterrupted flow of her affection, manifested by numberless tokens of love,—not alone to her brother, but

to every member of his family—will ever be recalled by them with emotions of tenderness, respect, and gratitude. She passed through a long life without having dropped, it is believed, a single friendship, and without having drawn upon herself a single enmity which could properly be called personal.

SCIENTIFIC.

A NEW AND USEFUL INVENTION.

I was highly gratified, a few days since, in witnessing the operation of a machine, invented by Messrs. J. Cooper and T. Barnitt, of Philadelphia, for ironing and finishing hats. It was completely successful—the Hats were finished with the greatest ease to the workman, in one-fourth of the time usually employed, without risk of injuring the Hat. A gentleman present of that branch of business observed, it was one of the greatest improvements in their profession; that with the use of this ingenious machine, the Hatters may manufacture on such terms as to be able to meet their European competitors in a foreign market. The proprietors certainly deserve to be amply compensated for their ingenious invention.

A FRIEND TO IMPROVEMENTS.

IMPROVED VICE.—"Mr. Wing's improvement in the Smith's Vice, on the perpetual lever principle, promises, from its labor saving property, to become of common use. Instead of the mechanical power of the screw, usually employed in the construction of the vice, Mr. Wing, obtains an immediate and greater power by a double-compound lever, which moves and adapts the vice to any dimension, by means of the foot, applied to a vernier attached to the lever, and moving and catching upon the side of a serrated perpendicular plate. The cost of this vice is from twelve to fifteen cents per pound; it is of smaller dimensions, occupies less room than the common kind, and saves the delay usually experienced in fitting the instrument to the dimensions of the substance operated upon."

FAMILY MILL, or "every man his own miller." Mr. David Flagg, whose inventions have already gained him no small reputation as an ingenious mechanic and man of genius, has lately taken out letters patent as the inventor of an improved and highly valuable "Family Mill." And if the feudal custom of proscription for toll has not obtained to be common law in our country, we apprehend this invention will work the loss of many a white penny worth of the "merry millers."—The simplicity of motion and machinery belonging to this mill, with the small cost of construction, being built of the requisite dimensions and excellence of structure for the sum of thirty-five dollars, will place it within the means of purchase of every thrifty farmer or small neighborhood; and very little skill suffices for its use to make meal and flour of the first quality. The space which it occupies, together with the bolt, is about the size of a common dining table. The whole machinery is moved by a crank in the ordinary manner of a grindstone, and the strength of only one man or well grown boy is required to grind and bolt two bushels in an hour. And besides the economy of saving toll in the vicinity of water mills; in parts newly settled, where wealth and the arts have made but little progress, this mill being transported with facility, and made, as in old times when women ground at the mill, an household utensil, must prove highly valuable; nor can it be less so in countries where water power is distant, or supplied only during certain portions of the year.—*Gardiner, Me. Chronicle.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

HEAVY HEARTS AND LIGHT HEARTS.

What's the use of it? Trouble, what a world of it we have; "man is born to trouble"—and all is vanity and vexation of spirit—thus and thus it is written. There are troubles of infancy, of youth, of manhood, of old age!—The troubles of poverty, the troubles of riches! The trouble of living and the trouble of dying! Who has not his troubles? who sees the end of them? And yet, after all, what's the use of it? This fretting and repining, this sorrowing and sighing, this moping and mourning, making misery more miserable. In the name of common sense I say, *what is the use of it?* Does it soothe pain, soften affliction, or ward off misfortune? Will it call back deceased friends, or prevent others from dying, or deliver us from poverty, or make us healthy, or meliorate in one particular, our condition? Then do say, for the very sake of sadness *what's the use of it?*

Suppose the times are tight and pinching, that trade is dull, that you cannot make money enough to live as you would wish, and are obliged to labour harder even for the little you do obtain than is agreeable, do you grieve about it? are you sad and disheartened? do you abandon hope and wish yourselves dead? Pshaw! *what's the use of it?* You get along, if you are industrious and frugal, and the most fortunate do no more.—Besides, a light heart will not break your fortune, nor a heavy one make it, so you may as well have the one as the other.

Is it your misfortune to have one of those pests of society, a slanderous neighbour, who speaks ill of you, and delights to do you every secret, back-handed injury he can—who never fails *secretly* to traduce your character misrepresent your conduct and motives, and ever tries to excite prejudices against you? And does this discompose and trouble you? *what's the use of it?* Keep the windward of the fellow; let your actions give the lie to the accusations and you need not employ words for the purpose. Wait the issue, and you will see the maxim verified in his case, that "he who spitteth in his own face." And here, too, it may be remembered, that a heavy heart is no answer to an accusation, tho' it be a false one, and a light heart is not the heart that pleads guilty before men; you had better therefore have the last than first on all accounts.

Are men dishonest? will a long face and sad heart reform them? are you sometimes deceived, wronged, cheated? will being discouraged mend the matter, or melancholy make you sharper in your future dealings? Not a whit.—Losses are lessons; all men buy their experience at the same market, though all may not pay the same price for the commodity. The only way is to make much of what comes dear; and you can do this with a light heart better than a heavy one. A heavy heart—*what's the use of it?*

But it may be, things don't go on right at home; that you have a scolding wife, cross children, and withal an extravagant family; that there's bad management in the wigwag. Well, this is very sad; but will fretting make it better? will a sad heart make sunshine in a cloudy house? No—then *what's the use of it?* You are not the first one in the world who might sing

"First when Maggy was my care,

Heaven, I thought, was in her air—

Now we're married; spier nae mair."

And every hen-pecked husband may as well add the conclusion—

"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

I see no profit in being miserable in this case; a light heart is better than a heavy heart

Perhaps all this while some love-sick body has been running over line after line, to see if I had ought to say why he should not be unhappy. An unkind mistress, a hard heart, an indefatigable rival; coquetry; ah, there is a Pandora's box! Thou hast gotten thyself into a pretty pickle—but.

"Pray, if looking well can't move her,

Will looking ill prevail?

What think you of that, now—I know it is useless to tell a meditating, moonstruck, melancholy lover, that there are whole flocks of pretty girls in the world, that if unsuccessful at this time, he may easily fall in love again, or that his mistress is not altogether the paragon of perfection—these are all cold water compliments, and are marvellously insipid to such a taste as his.—

He must e'en go his way sorrowing; marriage only will make him wise.

I have done. Those who are merry will be merry still; and those who are unhappy will remain so after all; yet it is a good and pleasant thing, occasionally, to have a talk with the world about its follies. /

SIMULATED DEATH.

FROM THE LONDON FARMER'S JOURNAL.

From its singularity, we are induced to give the particulars of this case, which was shortly noticed in our last.

"A very extraordinary case of this nature occurred a few days ago, at Hammersmith, in the person of Harriet Smith, a young woman of interesting appearance, who served as house-maid in the family of Robert Emerson, Esq. of Oxford-street. This girl, it seems, had, about three years ago, been thrown from the top of a stage-coach, and received many severe contusions both internal and external, which seriously affected her strength, and brought on a gradual decay of nature. Being incapable of performing her customary business, she relinquished her situation, and obtained an asylum beneath the roof of a female relative at Hammersmith. Here, notwithstanding her total cessation from all corporeal labour, her complaint still advanced; she every day grew weaker, and was frequently subject to long faintings. Through the kind attention of some ladies with whom she had formerly lived, every aid that eminent professional advice could afford, was rendered her, with a constant supply of such necessities and comforts as her helpless situation demanded.—On Thursday week she had been taken out for an airing, and returned home with renewed strength, in rather better spirits than usual.—After taking some refreshment, she complained of excessive inclination to sleep, and was therefore placed in a bed between the hours of six and seven in the afternoon. In apparent enjoyment of profound repose, she remained until a very far advanced hour the following day, when on attempting to arouse her, she was found to be quite cold; her lips were colourless, and her eyes glazed; all sensation had ceased; every thing bore testimony to the power of the destroyer death. The last offices to her remains which were directed by decency, were then performed; the corpse was attired in the usual grave clothes, and laid on a bed, where it remained from Friday noon until Sunday morning, the afternoon of which day was fixed for the interment. Happily, however, the horrible event, which we fear occurs but too often, was frustrated. On the removal of the body from the bed to the coffin, one of the persons engaged, inadvertently placed her hand on the bosom, and fancying its touch imparted a sensation far more warm than the damp and clayey feel of a corpse, she naturally expressed her opinion to those who were assisting in the melancholy office; a closer examination convinced them that they were about to commit to the grave a living subject. The cheeks and lips were still livid and colourless; the eye exhibited no sensation of vision, but the vital principle reigned about the region of the heart, and on the application of a glass, breathing was once more perceptible. The physician who had attended her during her illness was instantly sent for; on his arrival signs of returning animation were so manifest, that he concluded bleeding and the application of warm bricks would be productive of immediate restoration. He therefore opened a vein, first in one arm and then in the other. but without effect; every other effort proved equally unavailing, until about five o'clock in the evening, when a rapid change took place: the throbbing of the heart and pulse became audible, the cheeks and lips partially regained their crimson, respiration returned with ease and vigour, and in few moments all the animal powers assumed their functions. During the interesting interval the various insignia of death were removed in order that she could not be terrified by their appearance when perception returned; but being questioned as to her health, which was customary, she had no knowledge of what her situation had been, merely saying that she felt cold and weak, with an extraordinary oppression and sensation of fear, not unlike that which is experienced in dreams, when afflicted with the complaint commonly called the nightmare. She has improved not only in health but in spirits every day since her visit to the other world, and is now likely to be long an inhabitant of this.

THE REPOSITORY.

A SOLDIER'S FAITH.

Never shall I forget their bridal; earth scarce contained aught more lovely than Maria, as she passed the portal of the village church, and hastened to escape the admiring gaze of the rustic crowd. Maria was barely eighteen; the light of beauty danced in her deep blue eye; but on this, her bridal morn, its long silken lash hid more than half its brightness, and the snowy veil which fell over her auburn tresses, was not paler than her cheek. I had loved her ere I left my father's roof, but I had no patrimony except a proud name and a soldier's fortunes; and Maria was a prize too great for one so portioned. I looked upon her bridegroom—every feature was replete with manly beauty, and each well-knit limb might have formed a study for the fastidious statuary; and yet I gazed upon him till my heart swelled almost to bursting, and I turned once more to look upon Maria, and I wished they had chosen her another lord. Never shall I forget that dark, deep, earth-turned eye, or the haughty lip with its triumphant and fearful smile! I left my native village; I sighed not one farewell to Maria. After her marriage we feared to meet; she felt that I loved her, and her own heart more stubborn than her nature, resisted even yet the harsh mandate of an unyielding parent: she knew it, and she shrank not from her duty.—Again I left my native home, and the sun of Spain darkened my brow, and her was nerved my spirit to greater daring; but I retired from her haughty daughters with a sickening soul, for I thought of Maria and of her fatal destiny, and I clung to her remembrance as if my hopeless truth could now in aught avail her. Years sped on, and my heart yearned to revisit the home of my childhood—the birth-place of my first hopes; I trod its path with a firm step, but the sun-ray which glanced on me in the home of my fathers, rested on the scarred features of a war-scathed soldier; I shrank from the reflection—Should Maria now look on me, how would she deem me changed? It was a foolish thought, and in the next moment I blushed for its conception. My stay was brief, yet, ere I again became a wanderer, I once more beheld Maria: she had been the mother of two blooming boys, but they had withered, like roses devoured by the foul worm which feasts on beauty. I saw her lord too; the voice of murmur was on his tongue, and his eye scowled reproachfully as he threw it on his young bride—the pale cheek grew yet paler beneath the glance—the soft blue eye swelled with the drop of silent suffering—the heaving bosom struggled to repress the sigh which threatened to escape it—and I fled ere my tongue gave utterance to the curse my heart engendered. I became loudest in the revel, but I could not drown the memory of that low stifled sigh; I mingled in the train of beauty, but the deep eye with its large tear was ever in the throng, and every pale cheek on which I gazed in my wanderings recalled the memory of Maria! Again the tented field was my abode, the green sward my resting-place; again my night slumber was amidst the brave, and my day-dream of conquest and of glory; many a bold and buoyant heart slept in death ere the field was fought—many an ardent spirit bounded no more to the battle; but the death-bullet passed me by, and the wound closed, and the scar healed, when a weapon blade struck me in its descent—and I lived on. My brother soldiers dashed the red stream from the gleaming steel, and shouted victory! till the very skies seemed to echo back the pealing of their voices, and I stood by in silence, and only asked to perish.

We left the fair land of fame and conquest, and I bade adieu to my fellow soldiers for ever; they pressed around me with generous warmth, and besought my stay; but I was a moody and a wretched man, and their words were those of courtesy and compassion!—There is a spell in the thought of home! "I will return home and die," I murmured: it was a vain idea, for my father was in his grave, my sister wedded in a foreign land—I was alone; but, Maria dwelt near the spot where I had once been happy, and her proximity was a resting-place for the wounded spirit.—But even that link in the creaked chain of existence was unrevived: Maria had drooped beneath the withering breath of unkindness; she slept in the cold ground. I hurried to the church-yard; two marble tombs gleamed pale in the moonlight—they shrouded the ashes of her lovely babes; but her own grave was obscure and unlettered,

and the rank grass which covered it waved darkly to the night breeze, like hearse plumes.—She had willed a lowly, but not a forgotten resting-place; and I cast myself on the neglected grave, and I plucked from it every bitter weed, and trimmed the long dark grass; and I shed no tear as I performed the mournful duty; Maria was at peace, she slept with her children. Ere I left the spot my eye fell on the medal which hung at my breast; the moon-beams glanced brightly on it, as it in mockery; it was all that now linked me to my fellow-men—all that I yet cherished on earth. I scooped a narrow hole in the green turf on her breast, and there I deposited my treasure. It is the only offering of my ill-fated love; it will be my witness with Maria in a brighter world, that I did my duty to my country.

I slowly left the grave-yard, and drew near to take a last look at the habitation which was Maria's. Feasting and revelry resounded through the vast apartments: Maria's lord had taken another bride. I paused for one moment to look on her full black eye and deeply tinted cheek;—from that hour life has been a blank, and I have moved amidst the world's scenes as passionless as a breathing corpse!

THE VETERAN'S REWARD.

If the French Revolution has presented to us horrors till then unexampled, it must be owned also to have furnished us with some striking traits of humanity and magnanimity. Many persons of both parties voluntarily risked their lives to preserve those of people, whom the unhappy state of the times compelled them to regard as enemies; and these acts of generous devotion were not uncommon even among the military, who, by their profession and the horrors they witnessed, might be supposed less susceptible than others of the soft feelings of compassion.

During the civil war, in a skirmish that had taken place between the republicans and the Chouans, several of the latter were made prisoners. When the troop halted to take some refreshment they stopped in a plain near a spring, and forming a circle, placed the prisoners in the midst of it. Their captain, a very young man, who had but lately attained the command, seated himself at some distance upon the trunk of a tree, and taking some provisions from his knapsack, began to refresh himself. He perceived one of the prisoners speak to his lieutenant, and directly afterwards advance towards him. Delmont remarked, as this unfortunate man drew near, that he had no other clothing than his shirt and trousers, which were in rags and covered with blood, and that a linen bandage, also stained with blood, covered his forehead and his left eye.

The sight of so much misery sensibly touched the heart of the young officer; and he was still more moved when the prisoner said to him, "M. le Commandant, I have saved the miniature of my wife: will you, when I shall be no more, have the charity to remit it to my mother, Madame Duplessis, at Lam alle? My wife and children reside with her." Too much moved to reply to this touching request, Delmont gazed upon him in silence; and he added, in a tone of more pressing entreaty, "In the name of heaven, do not refuse me; if you do, they must always suffer from their ignorance of my fate, for it is my intention to conceal my name from the court-martial. Thus they will have no means of ascertaining what has become of me: but if they receive the portrait they will be certain that I would have parted with it only at the hour of death."

Delmont was still silent: in fact, his mind was occupied between the desire of saving the prisoner and the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, which he found of doing it. Duplessis, believing that he had no intention to grant his request, became still more urgent: "In the name of God! in the name of all that is dear to you!"—"Say no more," cried the other abruptly, the commission is a very disagreeable one, but still I will not refuse it." Taking the miniature as he spoke, he put it into his pocket; and added, "Will you eat a mouthful of something, and take a drop of brandy? it will refresh you."

"I cannot swallow," replied Duplessis; "a fever consumes me, and I am impatient to reach our destination, that I may escape from my misery." These words made Delmont shudder. He looked earnestly in the face of the speaker, and disfigured as it was with dust, sweat, and blood, there was something in the features so noble and touching, that he could not help resolving

to risk every thing in order to save him. "Listen to me attentively," cried he: "I will give you a chance, which, if well managed, may preserve your life. Say that you came to tell me you could not continue to march, and I have refused you any assistance. Go back, and complain of my cruelty to the same officer who has allowed you to come and speak to me, and try to act so that he may solicit me to leave you behind with an escort, to wait for a *revue de requisiion*. I will take care that the men who will guard you shall be drunkards; make them drunk, recover your energy, and escape."

"Ah, my God! if it were possible? But you forget I must have money to give them, and I have not a single sou!"—"And unfortunately I have very little, only four assignats of five francs each: you will find them under this piece of meat," continued he, wrapping part of his provisions in paper; "be sure you are not seen to take them out: go, and God speed you!"

Duplessis turned away without speaking; but the tears that started to his eyes were more eloquent than words. He followed Delmont's directions so successfully, that in a few moments afterwards the lieutenant came to tell the captain, that the prisoner, to whom he had given provisions, could not eat; and that a burning fever rendered him incapable of marching. Delmont replied with feigned harshness, that if the man could not go on, it was better to shoot him at once.

"What!" cried the other indignantly, "shoot a man before you know whether he will be pronounced guilty or innocent by the court-martial! You cannot seriously mean it, captain."

"Pray then, what would you have me to do with him? for you know that I cannot remain here to watch him. My orders are to proceed, and I cannot diminish the force of our troop, already too small for a part of the country like this, in order to leave an escort with this man."

"But look at the state in which he is! Three men would be quite sufficient to guard him, till we can get a *revue de requisiion*, which no doubt may be had to-morrow; and certainly, captain, you will not say that you cannot spare three men?"

"Well," replied the other with feigned impatience, "you shall have it your way: but remember I tell you, you are bringing me into a scrape. However, since you will have it so, tell Corporal Gaillard, and La Porte, and Desmoulins to remain with him: we must now set out." The lieutenant did not wait for another order; he made the men carry the prisoner, who appeared to be dying, to a hut. Delmont recommended to them to keep a strict eye over him, as they would be answerable for him if he escaped; and they set forward.

As Delmont had foreseen, the general refused to approve his report, and ordered him to go himself the next day to present it to the commissary of the Convention. Before he waited upon the commissary, the three soldiers arrived within his prisoner. The corporal declared, that, notwithstanding his appearance of illness, he had tried to escape in the night by a window, but the men being upon the alert, had all three fired at once; he fell dead upon the spot, and they had buried him there.

This tale was told so naturally that Delmont could not entertain a doubt of its truth: it cost him a great deal to dissemble the pang it gave him; but he dared not manifest any regret, and taking with him the three soldiers and his lieutenant, he went to make his report to the commissary, who, after hearing all the depositions, told him very roughly, that he had done very wrong to expose three brave soldiers of the republic, only to convey a sick rebel more easily to be shot; that, however, as they had done their duty by shooting him when he attempted to escape, and returned safely, the affair should be passed over, but that he might be certain, if such a thing occurred again, his conduct should be sharply inquired into.

The commissary finished by giving him a fresh order to march with his detachment; saying at the same time, "I believe you will be commanded before your departure, to shoot the men whom you have brought with you. I am waiting for the order; and as soon as I get it, I will transmit it to you." My readers will believe that this was enough to quicken the motions of Delmont; in ten minutes he had marched out with his detachment, without beat of drum, and they thus escaped the horrible office of executioners. Delmont's detachment was ordered to march to —: while on

the road, he recollected the commission he had accepted from the unfortunate Duplessis; and as he had to halt at Lamballe, he determined to fulfil it, though he felt an unspeakable reluctance to be the bearer of such news to a widowed mother.

When he presented himself at the house of Madame Duplessis, the servant who opened the door, supposing he was billeted upon them, said to him, "Citizen, my mistress cannot lodge you in her house; but she has arranged with the innkeeper over the way to receive you in her stead."

"It is not a lodging I want; I must speak to your mistress in private."

The poor girl turned as pale as death, and went with a look of terror to inform her mistress. Returning in a moment, she led Delmont into an apartment, where he found an elderly lady of very prepossessing appearance, and a beautiful little girl of four or five years old at her side. "I would wish my daughter to be present at our conversation, sir," said she: "go Pauline, and seek your mamma."

Delmont would have stopped the child, but she disappeared in a moment; and before he could determine how to begin, a beautiful young woman entered. She looked at him with great emotion; and the old lady then said, "This is my daughter. You have a commission for us have you not?"—"Alas! yes, a sorrowful one."

"Ah! not so, best of friends, of benefactors—he is saved! Yes," cried the mother in a transport of gratitude, "I owe to you my son's life. Agatha, embrace the preserver of your husband."

Both embraced him with tears of joy. The lovely Agatha brought her infant boy and her little girl, that they also might caress him to whom they owed a father's life. Ah! how delicious were those caresses to Delmont! Never in his life had he experienced such pure, such heartfelt pleasure.

"But how is this possible?" said he at last: "they told me they had killed and buried him."—"My dear friend, they were so intoxicated that they would not have been able to kill a fly. God be praised, he is now in safety, and is recovering very fast. Ah! how I wish that you could see him! but that must not be. But now tell us, are you come to stay at Lamballe?"—"No, I can only stop for to-night."—"Well, at least for to-night you will stop with us," and Agatha, hastened to get an apartment prepared for him.

We may easily believe that he did not refuse their hospitality. They told him their whole situation without reserve. Duplessis had determined to emigrate with his wife and children; his mother determined to remain behind, in order to preserve the family property. "I shall not repay your twenty francs," said Agatha to him, "nor will I take back my portrait: my husband has desired, that if ever I was fortunate enough to see you, I should tell you to keep it, and to beg you to regard it as that of a sister."

The next morning Delmont was forced to tear himself from this amiable and grateful family, whom he saw no more. Twenty years passed away, and found Delmont, at the time of the restoration, a disbanded officer, who lived with a widowed sister upon the produce of a little farm, which he cultivated with his own hands. One evening, an elderly man, of gentlemanly appearance, dismounted at the veteran's gate, and throwing himself into his arms, exclaimed, "God be praised, my dear preserver, that I am allowed to thank you once at least before I die!" It was Duplessis returned, after so long an absence, to end his days in his native country. He had entered into mercantile speculations in England, had been fortunate, and was come back rich. Delmont congratulated him heartily and sincerely.

"And you, my dear Delmont, how is it that you are not more fortunate?"

"My friend, I do not complain: I have quitted the service with clean hands and a clear conscience."—"And without promotion?"—"I have not sought it."—"No, but you have well deserved it: I am not ignorant of the wounds you have received in your various campaigns."—"I only did my duty."

Upon that point, however, the friends could not agree; but Duplessis soon dropped the subject, to talk with his friend upon his present situation. He found that he should soon be compelled to quit the farm he occupied as it was about to be sold; he did not complain, but it was evident that he felt great reluctance to leave it.

"And what price," said Duplessis to him one day, when they were talking on this subject, "does the own-

er demand for it?"—"Twenty-three thousand francs, (nearly one thousand pounds)."—"That is lucky; for it is exactly the sum you have in Lafitte's hands."—"I, you joke."—"No, indeed, I never was more serious; and so you will find, if you draw upon him to that amount."—"But can you think that I shall rob you?"—"Not at all; the money is yours: it is the accumulated interest of your twenty francs."—"Impossible!"

"I will convince you it is very possible and very true. It is my wife's plan, and this is the manner in which she has executed it. As soon as we were settled in England, she laid out your twenty francs in materials for embroidery and artificial flowers. She worked at these in her leisure hours, sold them to advantage, purchased materials for more, and constantly gave me, every six months, the profits of her work, to place in the public funds. We lived retired, and she had consequently much leisure, and worked incessantly. During more than twenty years, this fund, at first so small, has been constantly increasing, till it has been the means of rendering your old age easy. But it is not enough that the old age of a brave and virtuous man should be easy; he ought to receive a public recompense for his services, and I bring you one. Means have been found to represent to the king, that your career has not been less distinguished by humanity than by valor; and he shows his sense of your services by presenting you with this cross of St. Louis, and the rank and half-pay of *chef-de-battalion*."

The worthy veteran threw himself into the arms of his friend. It would be difficult to say which was most affected. He still lives in the enjoyment of this noble reward of his humanity—need it be said that he makes a worthy use of it?

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

COTEEMPORARY FEMALE GENIUS.

At no period of our history has female genius triumphed more than in our own days. At the present time there are living not less than twenty-four ladies of pre-eminent talent, as writers in various departments of literature and philosophy.

Mrs. Barbauld, distinguished during fifty years, by her elegant productions in verse and prose.

Miss Hannah More, for nearly an equal period, for various moral and controversial writings; not inferior for style and energy of mind, to any thing produced by the other sex.

Mrs. Radcliffe, who, as a novelist, may be ranked among the first geniuses of the age and country.

Miss Edgeworth, a distinguished writer of novels, moral composition, and works of education.

Miss Cullen, the amiable and ingenious authoress of *Morton and Home*, novels distinguished for their benevolent sentiments, and spirited compositions, honorable alike to her heart and head.

Mrs. Opie, whose various works in verse and prose, are distinguished for their originality, good taste, ingenuity, and elegant composition.

Mrs. Inchbald, who, as a dramatist and novelist, has produced various works, which will ever rank high among the classics of our language.

Miss Hutton, respectable as a novelist, powerful as a general writer, and able as a philosophical geographer, as proved by her recent works of Africa.

Miss H. M. Williams, who, though long resident in Paris, may be claimed as an English woman, and is an honor to the genius of her countrywomen, in history, politics, eloquence and poetry.

Mrs. Cappe, a lady whose strength of understanding, and powers of diction, have led her to grapple with subjects of the highest order, as she has published several works on theology, education and biography.

Miss Porter, a novelist of the first rank, in the powers of eloquent composition, whose *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, and other works, will long be standards of the language.

Miss Benger, who figures with equal distinction as a novelist, historian and poet.

Miss Grant, who has distinguished herself in morals, philosophy, and the belles lettres.

Mrs. Marcet, who has proved her powers of mind in her *Conversations on Natural Philosophy*, &c.

Mrs. Lairy, who writes and lectures with great ability on mineralogy and geology.

Miss Owenson, (Lady Morgan) whose eloquent writings, moral and political reasoning, are not surpassed by any other author of her time.

Mrs. Wakefield, compiler of many useful and ingenious works for the use of children and schools.

Mrs. Ibberton, whose discoveries with the microscope on the physiology of plants, rank her high among experimental philosophers.

Miss Herchell, whose ingenuity and industry, in astronomical observation have obtained her a splendid reputation throughout the civilized world.

Miss Jikin, niece to Mrs. Barbauld, who, soaring above productions of mere taste and fancy, has in her memoirs of Elizabeth, proved her powers in history and philosophy.

Miss Graham, the able writer of several volumes of travels, which are distinguished for their sound philosophy and enlightened views of society.

M. D'Arbly, (Miss Burney) whose *Evelina*, *Cecilia*, *Camille*, and other novels, place her among the first and most original writers of any age.

Miss Baillie, whose plays on the passions, and other productions, are highly esteemed by every person of good taste.

Besides others of less celebrity, but perhaps equal merit, whose names are not present to the recollection of the writer.

Few persons, till they behold this enumeration, will have suspected that our days could boast such a galaxy of genius in the fair sex; and it may also be questioned whether the other sex can produce a list, in many respects of superior pretensions.

"OLD MAIDS."—With all due deference to wiser heads, we cannot believe that the state of "*single blessedness*" is the best subject in the world for ridicule.—If it be indeed a blessed state, it will hardly admit of the said ridicule, if it be an unfortunate one, it shows neither good sense, nor good feeling, to ridicule it.—Ridicule is an exceedingly good remedy for the *folies*, but a very bad one for the *misfortunes* of mankind. As it respects "*Old Maids*," that man must be a very churl, an unchivalrous, ungallant, unjust, shallow sort of a fellow, who undertakes to satirize them as a class. If there be any among them who think it really desirable to be married, but have been neglected thus far, they are rather to be *pityed* than *laughed* at. If they do not think it desirable, they are not subjects of pity certainly, and we think, not the best of all subjects of ridicule. We know that ignorant, weak-minded people delight in painting them, as a sour, disconsolate, unhappy race of beings. But if they were so *miserable* as they are represented, what a magnanimous, heroic exploit it must be for a gentleman to attack and beat them, "all hollow!" But that is not so easily done.—If we were disposed, and had room, we might mention Elizabeth Carter, Hannah Moore, Hannah Adams, and a host of others, the very snap of whose pen, would put to rout forty dozen of their puny satirists. To conclude, a man can hardly make a greater mistake than to imagine he discovers any wit by the common-place practice of ridiculing the *elderly maidens*, than whom, there is no where to be found a more sensible, well-informed, industrious, benevolent, cheerful, good-tempered, sociable race of beings.

Education.—It was the custom of Romans to select from their slaves the preceptors of their children. The expression of a philosopher, who demanded one thousand drachms for the instruction of a young man, was admirable. "It is too much (replied the father) it would not cost me more to buy a slave." "You are right, sir; and by that means you will have two slaves for your money—your son and the one you purchased."

THE LITERARY CASKET.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1826.

GREECE.

Of all the causes to excite in the breast of man a throb of interest for the oppressed, this devoted country is certainly the greatest. Who that has a generous feeling can calmly look at the desperate struggle of an innocent people, without expressing a desire for their ultimate success in the blessed cause of liberty. Who that has perused the history of this land of Warriors, of Poets, and of Statesmen, can withhold the sympathies of the heart. But Greece, unhappy Greece! is left to contend with a superior force, while mighty Europe views the scene without the least apparent concern—not one arm is upraised to stay the blow which is hovering around. But the cause of honest indignation is reviving against the tyrant: Greece has sworn to be free, or die. With what emotions then can mankind see virtue and honor disregarded; how can they hear of the murder of a magnanimous Greek, while defending the cause of his country, or perchance, while rescuing his bosom companion from the yoke of lawless tyranny? Such, alas! is the aspect of the affairs of this country at present. But there is yet a hope that Greece will ere long triumph over her most inveterate enemy; who is there but looks forward to the time when a Turk shall no longer insult. Let Greece but recal to mind the glorious achievements of her ancestors; let her present heroes recur to a Marathon, where bravery triumphed; let them recollect an Alexander, a Leonidas, who preferred death for his country to an unjust dominion over it. It was also Greece that produced a Themistocles, a Demosthenes, and a number of others, who proved to what a height the mind of man could soar. In fine, let them recollect that their ancestors stand unrivalled among the nations of the earth. Can such fond remembrances as these ever be obliterated from their memory? Although this country has depreciated far from what it originally was, yet there is a spark of sacred honour in the breast of every lover of his country, which, if duly appreciated, will triumph over the hellish influence of vice. How doth sweet imagination delight to dwell on the former greatness of unfortunate Greece—that Greece which once was viewed as the mistress of all that was truly great!—But, alas! is it not too true, that she has decayed in her glory and sunk in her worth, for how changed is the aspect of all that she was, under the guidance of her ancient rulers. But there is yet a sweet remaining hope for the cause of this injured people, that they may yet attain the highest pinnacle of honour. If such be the result of their glorious struggle, Greece can raise her head with honest pride, and contend for a seat among the nations of the earth. But, should they be deceived in their sanguine hopes, may each of their patriotic souls find a peaceful asylum in the grave.

E.

Antiquarian Society in Normandy.—An Antiquarian Society was lately established in Normandy, and is composed of many eminent literary characters. Their chief object is to collect and publish facts tending to illustrate the history of that country, which has been successfully occupied by Celts, Gauls, Romans, Saxons, Franks, Neustrians, and Normans. The Society has published 10 vols.

A new institution has been formed in Philadelphia with the title of *The Maclearian Lyceum* for the cultivation of the different branches of Natural History. It will have a Library, Cabinet and Lectures, and will soon publish a journal of its proceedings and discoveries. Among the Vice-Presidents we read the name of Charles L. Bonaparte.

Languages spoken on this Continent.—The English language is said to be spoken in America by eleven and a half millions of people; the Spanish, by ten millions, the Indian, by seven and a half; the Portuguese, by three; the French, by one million two hundred thousand;—being twenty-seven millions, in the whole, of people speaking European languages in America.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The Royal Society of Literature, instituted in 1824, and more recently incorporated, is in a prosperous state, if we may judge from the imposing account given of a late meeting, and the names of noblemen and bishops who are members of it. Ten associates, who are eminent scholars, have been elected, to whom the king has given one hundred guineas each. A volume is preparing for the press by the Society; and it is particularly engaged on the subject of Egyptian hieroglyphics.—*U. S. Lt. Gazette.*

NEWSPAPERS IN GREECE.

We rejoice to learn, that weekly papers continue to be published in several parts of Greece, and are extensively circulated. If well conducted, they cannot fail to have a good effect upon the interests of civil liberty. "The Chronicle" is published twice a week at Missolonghi; its motto is, "The greatest utility to the greatest number." A gazette at Hydra, twice a week, called "The Friend of the Laws." Journals are published at Athens and Napoli; and one, called "The Telegraph," at Vienna, in the modern Greek Language.

Boston Bard.—M. M. Noah, Esq. Editor of the N. Y. National Advocate, has received a letter from Christian Rosius and James Workman, Esqrs. New-Orleans, enclosing as a committee, a check for \$100 for the relief of Robert S. Coffin, the Boston Bard, which will be transmitted to him at Boston.

ENGLISH PERIODICALS.

After an unusually long interval, we have recently received several London Periodicals; from which we learn what are the new publications of pith and moment. Among these, is Butler's "Life of Erasmus." But it would seem, that it is rather an outline, than a full and perfect biography. Erasmus was certainly one of the most learned men of the 16th century; and did much by his writings to bring on the reformation, though he was not so decided as Luther in his opposition to the errors of papacy. It is said "to be a valuable work, although a brief and rapid sketch, and calculated to please the man of letters, as well as the general reader."—"My Thought Book," by Thomas, is said to be an interesting volume, containing much original matter, and written with great vigor and independence, yet with much liberality. It is singular, however, that he should intimate a belief, "that the diffusion of information among the lower classes of people will be productive of vicious conduct."—"Beauties of Modern Poetry," by Carey.—Vol I. of the "Life of Napoleon," by Scott. This, we think, must be a greater treat to

the politician and the scholar. Sir T. Byerly is also preparing for the press the "Life and Times of Napoleon," which is to be an extensive work. An abridged "History of Russian Literature," is also announced.—It is mentioned as a profound and able work. The first part embraces the early period of the empire to the time of Peter the Great; the second, from that time to the present.

"Changes produced on the Physical condition of Countries by the Destruction of Forests." This volume is published in Holland. "To naturalists, this must be a curious and useful work."—*U. S. Lt. Gazette.*

DIVISION OF LABOUR.

"There was originally," says the Edinburgh Review, "but one, or at most two, Professors of Medical Science in all our Universities—whose duty, and of course whose right it was, to accomplish students in every branch of that great mystery. With the progress of knowledge, however, the number of labourers was increased—and at Edinburgh, we have no fewer than nine Medical Professors. To finish a Doctor, in short, in our improved academical manufactory, he must pass through as many hands as a pin. He is first drawn out and cut over by the Professor of Anatomy—the head is then made by the Professor of the Theory of Medicine, and put on by the Professor of the Practice—he is next silvered over by the Professors of Botany and Chemistry—pointed by the Professors of Surgery—and finally papered and labelled by the Professor of Materia Medica." * * In very recent times, however, it may be observed, that the Professor of Law has had a rib taken out, and moulded into a separate Professor of Conveyancing—and the Professor of Surgery has suffered a similar operation in the creation of a kindred chair for Military Surgery—both these last being invasions of the original monopoly of the Professor of Anatomy. * * Our academical practice presents us with many examples of a teacher being charged at first with one very great and extensive department—and of business afterwards carved out of it for several other teachers; but we are not aware that a single instance can be pointed out, which one teacher has been tasked with two separate departments—so separate, that no one has ever proposed or attempted to combine them."

ONE HUNDRED YEARS THE NATURAL AGE OF MAN.

We have no hesitation, says the Boston Medical Intelligencer, in asserting that the natural age of man is a hundred years. Those do not consider sufficiently the numerous circumstances under which death occurs, who fix the term of natural life at three score years and ten. But physicians are well aware that in nineteen out of twenty cases which terminate in death, the cause of the disease is known and related. The patient almost always begins thus:—"About a week ago I went out and wet my feet," &c. or, "I have had a great deal of writing to do lately, and set up every night over the desk, and have taken no exercise,"—"I have been obliged to work hard, and have over-fatigued myself,"—"I ate for supper last night some partridges," or some such indigestible trash,—"I have had my mind worried a good deal of late,"—"I went into the vapor bath about a week ago, and it has laid me up ever since," &c. &c. In almost every case there is some obvious cause, which might have been easily avoided.

Every physician who reflects on this subject, will remark that there are four destroying angels abroad among men—*Idleness—Intemperance—Imprudence and Sorrows.* Let a man shun these four—let him take regular exercise in fresh air; be temperate in eating, and drinking, and in all his habits; and preserve an equable disposition, and uniform cheerfulness, and if he has not some constitutional disease which he has inherited from his parents, a hundred years are without doubt, his portion on earth. To this age every one who has a good natural constitution, may attain by avoiding the four evils we have spoken of, and cultivating the virtues, which are opposed to them.

Those who apply themselves too much to little things, commonly become incapable of great ones.

VARIETY.

Original Anecdote.—A little girl, three years and a half old, passing along the streets of Goshen, N. Y. a few days ago with her mother, and observing a goose with a yoke on, exclaimed, "Why Ma, there's a goose with corsets on."

A Labouring Man.—Application for parochial relief was lately made to the select vestry of a London parish, by a man who described himself as "a labouring man, living in Back Eidon street." He said that necessity alone compelled him to make the application, and he had abstained from making it as long as it was possible. No man, he added, had ever worked harder, or taken more pains for a family than he had; and the following particulars will leave little doubt of the fact on the minds of any of our readers. He married in 1802, a wife, now living, who has borne him twenty-three children, on one occasion three at a birth, on two others, twins. Of these, sixteen are now living; and the ages of twelve who are at home with their parents, unprovided for, are as follows:—One of 14 years, one of 13, one of 12, one of 11, and one of 10, girls; one of 9, a boy; one of 8, one of 7, and one of 6, girls; and one of 5, and of 2, boys; and the youngest an infant of nine months old, a girl. Claims to support, like these, were of course irresistible, and the poor man continues to receive a small weekly allowance from the parish funds, in aid of his own exertions to maintain his numerous offspring.

Curious Advertisement.—The following is copied from the Vermont Gazette printed at Bennington:—"Notice! It is the request of the subscriber, that his friends and cousins should suspend their visits for two years. HIRAM HULL."

"He who can trifle with a woman's feelings, is not only unworthy a woman's love, but becomes thereby, a very heinous transgressor against the laws, both of honour and justice; and when the victim of neglect thereby becomes the victim of pining disease, I am of opinion that a conscientious jury would not greatly err were they to return a verdict of wilful murder against the guilty trifler."

"Without virtue, good sense, and sweetness of disposition, the finest set of features will, ere long, cease to please—but, where these with the graces are united, it must afford an agreeable and pleasing contemplation."

An old fashioned Marriage Portion.

Capt. John Hull, who was one of the first founders of the old South Church, Captain of the Anc. and Hon. Artillery, a Representative of the town, and in 1680 an Assistant, was a man of wealth. A daughter of his was married to Major Samuel Sewall. As usual in those days, the father was expected to give his daughter a marriage portion. "So father Hull, after his daughter was completely, richly too, and prepared for the ceremony, he caused her to be put into one side of a large pair of scales, in presence of her friends, and then piled on dollars and crowns, silver money, until they weighed her down." Report says she was a plump, hearty girl—This must have been a fat marriage portion in those days.—*Boston News-Letter.*

Mrs. Morris, the lady of Maj. Morris, who a year or two ago descended in the diving bell at Plymouth, whilst under water wrote a long letter to her father, which concluded with the following lines:—

From a belle my dear father, you've oft had a line,
But not from a belle under water;
Just now I can only assure you I'm thine—
Your diving affectionate daughter.

A shopkeeper in Boston, about the time of the revolutionary war, remarkable for his whimsical advertisements, gave notice to his friends and the public, that he kept constantly for sale, crooked stockings for negroes, also leather breeches and other sweetmeats.

Cats.—The following extraordinary anecdote of the sensibility of Cats of approaching danger from earthquakes, is well authenticated. In the year 1783, two cats, belonging to a merchant of Messina, in Sicily, an-

nounced to him the approach of an earthquake. Before the first shock was felt, these two animals seemed anxiously to work their way through the door of the room in which they were. Their master observing their fruitless efforts, opened the door for them. At a second and third door, which they likewise found shut, they repeated their efforts, and on being set completely at liberty, they ran straight through the street, and out of the town. The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct of the cats, followed them into the fields, where he again saw them scratching and burrowing in the earth. Soon after there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses in the city fell down, of which number the merchant's was one, so that he was indebted for his life to the singular forebodings of his cats.

The Frenchman and the Pigs.—A Frenchman one day seeing a sow and a litter of pig pass, stood for some time admiring them, till he found an opportunity of popping one under his coat and running off with it. This he attempted, but was pursued by the ostler, who overtook and seized him with the pig in his possession. He was taken to Bow-street, and fully committed. When the trial came on, the circumstance of the theft being clearly proved, he was found guilty, and asked what he had to say why sentence should not be passed? "Me lor, I vil trouble your attendez two tree vord vat I sal say. I French gentleman—I no understand vat you call de tief in dis country. Mais I vil tell you tout d'affair, and you vil find dat I am innocent. Me lor, I never tef a pig in my life time." "Why, it was found upon you." "Oh, certainly, but I take him vid his own consent." "How do you mean?" "Vy, ven I vas see de mamma pig, and his childers, I vas very much in love vid him; and dis little pig, I look in dis face, I say, you pretty little tellow, vil you come live with me for one month? He says, a week! a week! So I have taken him for a week, dat's all."

Letter from an Irish Gentlewoman to her son in London.

My dear child,

I thought it my duty incumbent upon me, to let you know that your own living sister, Caney Mac-Frame, had been violently ill of a fit of sickness, and is dead; therefore we have small or no hopes of her getting better. Your dear mother constantly prayed for a long and Speedy recovery.

I am sorry to acquaint you, that your good-father Patrick O'Connor, is also dead. His death was occasioned by ateing rid herrings stuffed with paraters, or paraters stuffed with rid herring, I don't know which; and notwithstanding the surgeons attended him for three weeks, he died suddenly for want of hilt on the day of his dith, which was sunday night last. The great bulk of his estate comes to an only dead child in the family.

I have made a present of your sister's diamond ring to Mr. O'Hara, the great small-beer brewer, for three guineas; and I have taken the great corner-house that is burnt down, on a repairing lase.

I have sent you a Dublin Canary-bird, which I have carefully put up in a rat-trap, with some food in a snuff-box, which will come free of all charges, only paying the captain for the passage.

Pray send me the news of the prosadeings of the House of Commons next week; for we hear they have given us lave to import all our parates to England, which is great news indeed.

Write immediately, and don't stay for the post. Direct to me next door to the Bible and Moon, in Copper Alley, Dublin, for there I am now; but I shall remove to-morrow into my new house. Don't send to me in a frank again; for the last litter that came free was charged thirteen-pence. So no more at present from

Your dutiful mother,
Caney Currin Mac Frame.

P. S. I did not sale this letter, to prevent it from being broken open; therefore send word if it miscarries. Your cosin-in-law, Thady O'Dogharty, is gone for a light-horseman among the marines.

A lady asked a gentleman the time of day. He said he kept no watch, and that in the morning *Chonfielcar* was his timepiece. "I did not know" rejoined the lady, "till now that the fowl was so scientific a *cronologer*."

LITERARY NOTIONS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The new Novel, called "The Highlands; a tale of the Hudson," said to be written by a gentleman near Philadelphia, is, we understand, now in the press, and may be expected by the middle of next month.

Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach, by herself have been published, and are said by the London Literary Gazette to be highly interesting.

A new novel, to be entitled "The New-York Yankee; or Tales of the First Settlers on the Tioungnioga," is preparing for the press in Cortland Village, in New-York.

A new College Atlas; consisting of a Series of General Maps of the various Grand Divisions of the known World, adapted to the Course of Geographical Instruction, usually pursued in the College and High Schools of the United States. Philadelphia.

An Outline of Bible History, with Notes and Observations; adapted to the minds of Youth, and designed for Sabbath and other Schools; with Engravings. By Rev. Charles A. Goodrich. Second edition, Hartford. 1826. 18mo pp. 108.

Elegant Extracts, or useful and entertaining Passages from the best English Authors and Translators; principally designed for the use of Young Persons. Originally compiled by the Rev. Vicissimus Knox, D. D. A new edition. Embellished with elegant Engravings. Prepared by James G. Percival.

Tracts on Mathematical and Philosophical subjects; comprising among numerous important articles, the theory of Bridges, with several plans of recent improvement. Also the results of numerous experiments on the force of gunpowder, with applications to the modern practice of Artillery. By Charles Hutton, L. L. D. 3 vols.

Catalogue of the Officers and Cadets, together with the prospectus and internal Regulations of the American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy, at Middletown, Connecticut. Middletown, 1826. 12mo pp. 42.

That Capt Partridge's Academy meets with a large share of public approbation and patronage, is apparent from the fact that the present number of students is two hundred and eighty-nine—of professors and other instructors, eighteen.

The principal of this flourishing seminary is distinguished not only as an instructor thoroughly versed in military science, but as an enlightened and successful advocate of practical education.

An Agricultural seminary, we confess, is more to our taste than a military one. Capt Partridge's system, however, presents so many excellent features, that we shall not restrict ourselves to this brief notice, but, at our earliest opportunity, shall take up the subject at greater length.—*Journal of Education.*

Monitorial Schools. The Origin, Progress, and Advantage of the Monitorial System of Tuition, set forth in an address delivered on the occasion of the opening of the Elizabeth-Town Public School. December 14th, 1825. By John C. Rudd, D. D., Rector of St. John's Church. Elizabeth-Town 1826. 12mo pp. 18.

A Standard Spelling-book, or the Scholar's Guide to an accurate Pronunciation of the English Language; accompanied with easy, familiar, and progressive Reading Lessons. Designed as an Introduction to the use of Walker's Critical Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. Compiled for the use of Schools. By James H. Sears. Revised edition. New-Haven, 1825.

Proposals have been issued by H. C. Carey & I. Lea of Philadelphia, for publishing by subscription an "American Biography, or Historical Dictionary of Eminent Americans," to be prepared by ROBERT W. LEBLANC. The work will be comprised in two vols. 8vo.

THE WREATH.

(Original.)

There is a wild and lonely dell,
Where sweetly sighs the evening breeze,
Where singing birds delight to dwell,
And build their nests among the trees.

And Oh! I love, at evening hour,
Far from the haunts of man to stray
There, in that rose-encircled bower,
To calmly dream the hours away.

There is an eye—my bosom swells
With passion, when I meet its gaze;
Unconscious of the tale it tells,
Yet lost in love's bewildering maze.

Oh! would that eye, that bright dark eye,
On me one moment kindly beam,
Far from the lonely dell I'd fly—
In solitude, no longer dream.

G. W. P.

MORNING.

Bright beams are resting on the misty
Mountains tops, and from "the chambers of
The East," there hangs a drapery of beauty,
Like the brightening grandeur which unfolds
Its loveliness, when night lets fall
"Its curtain of repose."

There were stars "just twinkling" on
The brow of morn, like modest
Beauty. These gems of eve watched
In the firmament, till the unclouded orb
Of day resumed its pilgrimage,
Then they retreated from the gaze of
Mortal eyes. I look'd upon them
Till a fleecy cloud enwrap them in
Its mantle—but they will rise again.

H.

MAN.

Like the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on a tree,
Or like the daisy flowers in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah had;
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done—
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and man he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearly dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan:
E'en such is man, that lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death—
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Like shuttle in a weaver's hand,
Or like a writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of a stream:
E'en such is man, who lives by breath.

Is here now there, in life and death.
The bubble's burst, the look forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writings blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like to an arrow from the bow,
Or like the course of water's flow,
Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's slender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole:
E'en such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate—
The arrow's shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life is done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that soon doth die,
Or like a quaver in a song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like the snow when summer's come,
Or like the pear, or like the plum;
E'en such is man, he heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow—
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

MATRIMONIAL LIFE.

A parent to his daughter said,
"My dear, it is not well to marry;
Better forbear the nuptial bed,
Than in a marriage to miscarry.

They do but *well*, who lead that life,
Of ills, and cares, and troubles;
Better do they whose eager strife
Is to avoid its bubbles."

The maid replied, 'twixt wrath and glee,
"To marry is my desperate choice;
Then, father, is it well for thee
To command the current of my voice?"

Let me but marry, and do *well*;
Let me enjoy the meed of love;
And those who can their pleasures sell,
Let them do *better*—I'll not waive!"

THE BRIDAL DIRGE.

The following "Bridal Dirge," tho' anonymous, is evidently from the pen of one of the first writers of the day.

The bride is dead! the bride is dead!
Cold and frail, and fair she lieth;
Wrapped is she in sullen lead,
And a flower is at her head,
And the breeze above her sigheth,
Through night and through day,
'Fled away!—Fled away!"

Once—but what can that avail—
Once, she wore within her bosom
Pity, which did never fail,
A hue that dashed the lily pale;
And upon her cheek a blossom
Such as yet never known,
All is past and overthrown!

Mourn! the sweetest bride is dead,
And her knight is sick with sorrow,
That her blood is 'clapped in lead,'
Yet he hopeth, fancy fed,
He may kiss his love to-morrow,
But the breezes?—what say they?
'Fled away!—Fled away!"

FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Last night the midnight wind
Along my casement past,
And a distant funeral bell
Came tolling on the blast.

Envy mingled with my awe
As I hearkened to the tone;
I thought of the quiet grave,
And wished it were my own.

Life is a torrid day,
Parched with the dust and sun;
And death's the calm cool night
When the weary day is done.

WOMAN.

Ye are stars of the night—ye are gems of the morn,
Ye are the dew-drops whose lustre illumines the thorn;
And rayless as night is, that morning unblest,
When no beam from your eye lights up peace in the breast.

And the sharp thorns of sorrow sink deep in the heart,
Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the smart;
'Tis hers o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
In fondness, a lover—in firmness, a friend.

As the rose of the valley when dripping with dew,
Is sweetest in odours, and fairest in hue,
So the glance of dear woman the brightest appears,
When it beams from her eloquent eyes, thro' her tears.

COURTSHIP.

By Mrs. Carey, authoress of "Lasting Impressions," a Novel recently published in London.

When Baldwin first woo'd, I said *No*, I confess,
Because I had heard people say
That the men were so nice, if too soon we said *Yes*,
They with scorn would our frankness repay.
So I blush'd, and look'd down—
Nay, endeavour'd to frown,
And cried "Go! you but mean to deceive me."
But he smil'd when I said
That I ne'er meant to wed,
And protested he did not believe me.
The next he renew'd his professions of truth,
I tried, but in vain, to say *No*;
For I thought it a pity to frown on the youth
When a smile could such pleasure bestow,
So I held out my hand,
But said "pray understand—
If hereafter you slight or deceive me,
Though sorry to part,
I shall not break my heart."
He smil'd, and appear'd to believe me.

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